

HYMNS AND VERSES

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HYMNS AND VERSES



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in remembrance of a Sunday*

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HYMNS AND VERSES

ORIGINAL and TRANSLATED

✓
BY HENRY DOWNTON, M.A.

RECTOR OF HOPTON, SUFFOLK, DIOCESE OF ELY

LATE ENGLISH CHAPLAIN AT GENEVA

HENRY S. KING & Co.

65 CORNHILL & 12 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

1873

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PREFACE.



FINDING THE FIRST HYMN in the following small volume placed prominently on the lists of Missionary hymns recently published by the two great Church Missionary Societies—the S. P. G. and the C. M. S., and others of the number included in many popular collections of hymns, notably in Lord Selborne's 'Book of Praise,' I have been encouraged to collect and publish the few efforts of this kind which I have made, not seldom at the request of friends, and for special occasions.

Among the translated hymns are included all I have been able to find of Alexandre Vinet's compositions of this nature, as well as one of Adolphe Monod's, the latter being the only hymn ever written by that celebrated preacher and excellent Christian.

Several of the sonnets, and many of the hymns and occasional verses, have appeared in the 'Sunday Magazine,' 'Good Words,' and other periodicals.

Having mentioned the honoured name of Lord Selborne, I would take this occasion of rendering to him a public acknowledgment of the kindness which has turned for me circumstances of trial, too notorious to require further allusion to them, into a subject of congratulation.

If in the retirement of a village Rectory I shall find heart and leisure to attempt something further in the way of hymn-writing, I shall owe, in great measure, to that distinguished hymnologist, under God, both the time and the encouragement.

H. D.

GENEVA: *February* 17, 1873.

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HYMNS AND VERSES.



MISSIONARY HYMNS.

I.

LORD, her watch thy Church is keeping ;

When shall earth thy rule obey ?

When shall end the night of weeping ?

When shall break the promised day ?

See the whitening harvest languish,

Waiting still the labourers' toil ;

Was it vain—thy Son's deep anguish ?

Shall the strong retain the spoil ?

Tidings sent to every creature

Millions yet have never heard :

Can they hear without a preacher ?

Lord Almighty, give the word !

Give the word ; in every nation
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation
To the earth's remotest bound.

Then the end : thy Church completed,
All thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin :
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain :—
Lo ! her watch thy Church is keeping,
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign



II.

MORN hath dawned on Afric's night,
Wakened China yearns for light,
From his temple's tottering walls
Lo ! for truth the Brahmin calls.

Through a thousand opened doors
Loud the cry for succour pours :
Lord ! increase a thousand-fold
Labourers patient, wise, and bold.

In the shadow of thy hand
Hide each faithful mission band ;
In their dangers be Thou near ;
When they faint, support and cheer.

Gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Great Redeemer, God most high :
Prosperous in thy glory ride ;
Win the throne that shall abide.

With thy truth the nations bless ;
Sow the earth with righteousness ;
Be the warrior's banner furl'd ;
Love and meekness fill the world !



HYMN.

(Written for use at the Annual Prayer-meetings of the Society for
Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics.)

O FATHER, who hast showed us light,
Our Ebenezer here we raise,
And with one heart and voice unite
In one glad hymn of fervent praise.

Thou art our God, the Lord of lords ;
Accept our grateful sacrifice,
And bind us each by sacred cords
To that one Altar in the skies !

Great things for us thy hand hath done,
And yet for greater, Lord, we pray :
Extend the triumphs of thy Son,
And wider spread the Gospel day.

Thy richest grace on Erin shower,
So make her glorious, great, and free :
Save her at length from error's power,
And let her worship only Thee.

Grant us to wage the hallowed strife,
Refreshed with unction from above :
Still holding forth the Word of Life,
And speaking still the truth in love.

O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Now, from thy footstool and thy throne,
From men, and from the angel-host,
Be thine the glory—thine alone !

1865.



OLD AND NEW YEAR.

I.

FOR thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father, and Redeemer, hear !

Lo ! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect sacrifice ;
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

Dark the future : let thy light
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star :
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight ;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay ;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread ?
With thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure
Keep us evermore thine own ;
Help, O help us to endure ;
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings !



II.

HARP, awake ! tell out the story
Of our love and joy and praise ;
Lute, awake ! awake our glory !
Join a thankful song to raise :
Join we, brethren faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again
O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten !

Lo ! a theme for deepest sadness,
In ourselves with sin defiled ;
Lo ! a theme for holiest gladness,
In our Father reconciled :
In the dust we bend before Thee,
Lord of sinless hosts above ;
Yet in lowliest joy adore Thee,
God of mercy, grace, and love !

Gracious Saviour ! Thou hast lengthened
And hast blest our mortal span,
And in our weak hearts hast strengthened
What thy grace alone began :
Still, when danger shall betide us,
Be thy warning whisper heard ;
Keep us at thy feet, and guide us
By thy Spirit and thy Word.

Let thy favour and thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin ;
Let us all, thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin :
Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven and earth and sea ;
But, when heaven and earth are failing,
Saviour, we will trust in Thee !



III.

ANOTHER year, another year,
Hath sped its flight on silent wing,
And all that marked its brief career
Hath passed from mortal reckoning.

But graven as with iron pen,
All-seeing God, thy records stand,
All thoughts, and words, and deeds of men,
Unnumbered as the ocean sand.

For all thy grace, and patient love,
Unwearied still, and still the same,
For all our hopes of joys above,
We laud and bless thy holy Name.

We bless Thee for each happy soul
Throughout another fleeting year,
Or by thy quickening grace made whole,
Or parted in thy faith and fear.

Still bear with us, and bless us still,
And long as in this world we stay,
Oh let us love thy perfect will,
And keep the true and living way.

So, when the rolling stream of time
Hath opened to a boundless sea,
Loud shall we raise that song sublime—
All honour, glory, praise to Thee !



HYMN.

‘I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem.’—REV. xxi. 2.

WHEN from far thy towers shall shine,
 Zion, clad in light divine ;
 When shall break the morning bright
 Of the day that hath not night :—
 Shall mine eyes thy walls behold,
 Gates of pearl, and streets of gold ?

At each portal keepeth ward,
 Evermore, an angel guard ;
 Can my soul his dread glance bear,
 When I claim to enter there ?—
 Shall my feet be found in thee,
 Glorious city of the free ?

Needs no candle there, nor sun ;
 Shines in Thee the Holy One ;
 While with heart and harp and voice
 At his throne his saints rejoice :—

Shall my weak and faltering tongue
Join the everlasting song ?

Lamb of God ! my ransomed soul
In thy book of life enroll ;
Thy new name to me reveal ;
On my forehead print thy seal ;—
So thy glory shall I see,
And in Zion dwell with Thee



HYMN.

‘ I will sing of mercy and judgment.’—PSALM ci. 1.

My song shall be of mercy ;
 To Thee, O Lord, I sing,
 Who all my life hast hid me
 Beneath thy sheltering wing :
 Who still, in love so patient,
 This mortal journey through,
 Hast followed me with goodness,
 And blessings ever new.

My song shall be of judgment ;
 All-wise and holy God,
 Thou makest all thy children
 To pass beneath thy rod :
 Thou scourgest whom Thou lovest
 And oh, my soul shall tell
 That in thy fiercest anger
 Thou doest all things well.

My song shall be of mercy ;
Come, ye who love the Lord,
Who know that He is gracious,
Who trust his faithful word,
Tell out his works with gladness,
With me exalt his name,
Whose love endures for ever,
To endless years the same.

My song shall be of judgment ;
Ye, who his chastenings feel,
Oh, faint not, nor be weary ;
He wounds that He may heal :
Yea, bless the hand that smiteth,
And in your grief confess
That all his ways are wisdom,
And truth, and righteousness.

Of mercy and of judgment
To Thee, O Lord, we sing,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
O great eternal King :
For only Thou art holy,
For Thou art Lord alone,
And mercy still, and judgment,
Are pillars of thy throne.

HYMN.

‘Ascribe ye strength unto God.’—PSALM lxviii. 34.

ONCE Thou hast spoken, Lord,
 From thine eternal throne ;
 Twice we have heard the word,
 That strength is thine alone :
 Angels thy might adore,
 Who in thy strength excel ;
 And babes show forth thy power,
 And shame the strength of hell.

Who shall control my will?
 The proud blasphemer cries :
 But lo ! his heart is still,
 At thy rebuke he dies.
 Those lips that never prayed
 Were fashioned by thy hand ;
 His every pulse obeyed,
 Almighty ! thy command.

Our only God Thou art ;
Our strength is all of Thee :
Uphold each fainting heart ;
Confirm each feeble knee.
What though the young men faint ?
Thou heedest every call ;
The waiting wrestling saint,
Though weary, shall not fall.

Thou hast ordained our might ;
Our strength is as our days :
In sorrow's darkest night
Thou givest songs of praise :
For duty's roughest path
With brass our feet are shod ;
Nor heed we Satan's wrath,
Secure from thine, O God !

Deep unto deep doth call,
The waterfloods arise ;
But Thou art over all,
Thy throne is in the skies :
The floods lift up their voice
But from the Rock we sing,
And in thy strength rejoice,
O Christ, our God and King !

HYMN.

‘Praying in the Holy Ghost.’—JUDE 20.

HOLY SPIRIT ! help my prayer :
 Then, if Thou my heart prepare,
 To a groan or silent tear
 God will bend a gracious ear.

Holy Spirit ! in me plead :
 Then, while Thou shalt intercede,
 God shall search my heart, and find
 Thoughts according with his mind.

Thou hast bidden me to pray ;
 Pray Thou in me night and day :
 Now spring up, O Well, in me ;
 Deep, and full, and constant be.

Living Water ! from me flow :
 Fire of love ! within me glow :

Blessed Unction, Earnest, Seal,
Teach me, comfort, guide, and heal !

More and more the veil remove
From the face of Him I love,
Till I see Him on his throne,
Till I know as I am known.



HYMN.

‘Thou art near, O Lord!’—PSALM cxix. 151.

✓ LORD ! to thy grace the glory be,
 That not in guilty fear,
 But with the love which yearns to see,
 We know that Thou art near.

Yea, Lord, for God with us Thou art
 In Jesus Christ thy Son,
 And by the Spirit in our heart
 With Thee thy Church is one.

And Thou art near us in our bliss,
 And near in all our woe ;
 Our strength for toil and conflict this,
 Our shield from every foe.

And Thou art near to come, O Lord ;
 Draws on the glorious day,
 The scoffer’s scoff confirms thy word,
 Thou wilt not long delay.

Lord Jesus, speed the promised hour,
The veil which hides Thee, rend ;
And in the triumph of thy power
With trump and shout descend.

Untrembling then O grant us grace
The archangel's voice to hear,
Undazzled to behold thy face
In cloudless glory near.



LIGHT AND LOVE.

O THOU, whose well-beloved Son
Himself a spotless offering gave,
With his own arm the victory won,
And died, our souls from death to save :

As Christ hath loved us, grant us grace
Thine acceptable will to prove,
In filial fear to seek thy face,
And, as thy children, walk in love !

Father of lights ! beneath thy frown
The unfruitful works of darkness lie,
While on thine own Thou pourest down
Gifts good and perfect from on high :

O let thy Spirit's glorious ray
Scatter the shades of nature's night,
And waiting still for brighter day,
Let us, thy children, walk in light !

Awake the slumbering, raise the dead,
Show forth thy wonders from above,
Till through the gladdened world be spread
The glories of thy light and love !



FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

✓ THIS is my body, take, and eat :
 So spake the Son of God :
 He blessed the sacred cup, and said,
 Drink ye of this my blood ;
 And oft as of this cup ye drink,
 And break the hallowed bread,
 Remember Me,—my body rent,
 My blood for sinners shed.

How solemn was that holy hour !
 The calm of heavenly peace
 Fell sweetly on their troubled souls,
 And bade their sorrows cease :
 While He, who gave that blessed balm
 To soothe his followers' grief,
 He was exceeding sorrowful,
 And knew of no relief.

We meet, fulfilling thy command,
O Thou that once wast slain ;
Meet to record thy dying love
Thou that art risen again :
O melt our hearts to thankfulness,
And raise them unto Thee,
That when Thou shalt in glory come
We may be found in Thee !



*FIRST COMMUNION.*¹

‘Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, Thou art
the guide of my youth?’—JER. iii. 4.

WILL I not?—ah, gracious Lord,
Thyself must give the will ;
Wilt Thou not thy help afford,
And rule within me still ?
Lord, I would, I would be thine ;
Pour on me thy Spirit’s grace,
Leaning on thy love divine,
Behold ! I seek thy face.

‘From this time?’—yes, I will come
While it is called to-day ;
Take the gift—my life’s young bloom ;
Thy good hand on me lay :

¹ Written for the Catechumens confirmed by the Bishop Suffragan of Dover at the English Church of the Holy Trinity, Geneva, in July, 1871.

Holy One, I cry to thee,
Be Thou of my youth the guide ;
Be my God ; my Father be ;
And keep me at thy side.

At thy table when I kneel,
And first those pledges share,
Give me so thy love to feel
That joy may root me there !
Let me come, and come again ;
Let me not go back from Thee :
Saviour, thine I would remain,
Here, and eternally !



THE PRAYER OF THE SOWER.

‘Cast thy bread upon the waters : for thou shalt find it after
many days.’—ECCL. xi. 1.

DAY by day, and year by year,
Late and early, far and near,
At thy bidding, O my Lord,
I have sown thy precious word.

Give the increase ; let me know
Thou hast chosen me to sow ;
Bid me come with joy again,
Bringing sheaves of ripened grain.

For the earnest Thou hast given,
For souls garnered safe in heaven,
Lord, I praise Thee, and I pray
There to meet them in that day.

In some hearts if hid there lie
Good seed, slow to fructify,
This thy power can quicken still,
And the reaper's bosom fill.

Long millenniums wheat hath lain
Idle, then hath lived again ;
Bread upon the waters cast—
Shall it not be found at last ?

Cheer thy servant's heart, O Lord ;
Give large blessing on thy word ;
Multiply the scattered seed,
Then shall I rejoice indeed.

But, if this I may not see,
Lo ! my work is yet with Thee ;
And my day of joy shall come
In the final harvest-home !



CONFLICT.

'I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.'—JOHN xiv. 6.

✓ O THOU, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Saviour of all who come to Thee,
Have pity on my spirit's strife,
And succour me !

I know Thou art the only way
To pardon, holiness, and Heaven ;
I am in sin's dark wilds astray,
With sorrow riven.

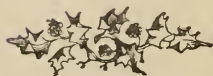
Thou art the Truth : sure is thy word,
Nor can thy plighted promise fail ;
Yet in my heart distrust, O Lord,
And fear prevail.

Thou art the Life : ev'n as the wind,
Thy Holy Spirit's quickening breath
Blows where He lists ; my earthly mind
Is bound in death.

O stay my wanderings ; do not leave
My soul in hell ; thy Spirit give ;
Thy truth O teach me to believe,
And let me live.

Jesus ! the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Saviour of all that trust in Thee,
Have pity on my spirit's strife,
And succour me !

1840.



GUIDANCE.

‘ Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord ; for he shall pluck my feet
out of the net.’—PSALM xxv. 15.

Good Shepherd ! am I not thy sheep ?
Do I not love thy way ?
Oh keep thy word, my feet to keep,
And guide me lest I stray.

Strong enemies my path beset,
And would my heart appal ;
They dig the pit, and spread the net,
And watch to see me fall.

Good Lord, mine eyes are unto Thee,
My steps shall be thy care ;
I have no refuge where to flee,
But Thou art everywhere.

Rejoice not, then, O wary foe !
On weakness rests his might :
From blackest cloud best shines the bow ;
In darkness breaks the light.

‘ Yea, though He slay me, I will trust ! ’
Well sang that saint of old ;
His humbled face he bowed in dust,
And then came forth as gold.

O grace ! through pain or shame to tread
The path my Saviour trod ;
O bliss ! that hand upon my head—
The good hand of my God !



DELIVERANCE.

'I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy : for thou hast considered
my trouble ; thou hast known my soul in adversities.'

PSALM xxxi. 7.

My thankful heart to Thee, O God,
Its humble tribute pays,
Adores Thee for thy chastening rod,
Thy guiding staff obeys.

The bitterness of death is past :
Throughout the gloomy vale
Thy truth and mercy held me fast,
And sin could not prevail.

The waves were wild, and dark the night,
But still thy voice was near,
And often gleamed a heavenly light,
My fainting hope to cheer.

And when around me roared the flame,
It only set me free
From galling bands of sin, there came
No smell of fire on me.

All night thy love hath been my stay,
And now the morn is nigh ;
O keep me, Saviour, all the day
Beneath thy watchful eye.

On Thee my every care I roll :
I give myself to be
For ever, body, spirit, soul,
A sacrifice to Thee.

1847.



*HYMN.*¹

WHEN on Horeb's mountain lonely
 Stood, O Lord, thy chosen seer,
 Wind and earthquake witnessed only,
 With the fire, that Thou wert near.
 In the hush and calm unbroken
 Came thy voice all still and small,
 And thy Prophet knew the token,
 And obeyed the thrilling call.

So with solemn awe and wonder
 Smote our hearts the crash of war ;
 Shook our land the echoed thunder
 From those Eastern hills afar :
 Now for peace our land rejoices,
 On her wounds Thou pourest balm,
 And with happy, thankful voices,
 Lord, we bless Thee for the calm.

¹ Written for the openings of the Parochial Schools, Brompton, Kent ; the schools having been erected as a memorial of the peace, 1856.

Be thy voice, O God our Saviour,
Now, as erst in Horeb, heard ;
On these walls oh shine with favour,
Here dispense thy living word :
Here the little children gather ;
Shed thy grace on young and old ;
Hear us, Teacher, Shepherd, Father,
Feed thy flock, and guard thy fold !



FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL COLLECTION.

‘ Feed my lambs.’

HAST Thou bidden, gracious Lord,
That thy lambs shall nurtured be ?
Lo ! thy servants, at thy word,
Bring the little ones to Thee.

Oft we bring them in our prayer,
And to-day, in ordered throng,
Saviour, to thy love and care
We commend them in our song.

Through their hour of tender youth
We would lead them in thy way,
Teach them, from thy word of truth,
To believe and to obey.

Not to all the sacred task
Of instruction is assigned ;
On our gifts thy smile we ask,
Grant us all the willing mind.

Thine the silver and the gold ;
Thine the patience, time, and skill ;
Every talent let us hold
From Thee, Lord, and for Thee still.

Only pour thy Spirit down ;
Root and ground us in thy love ;
Aid us, and our labours crown :
Bring us to thy rest above.



FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

LORD, thy sun is shining o'er us,
Thine the grass beneath our feet,
Thee to bless in happy chorus
It is right, and it is meet.
Bless us, great and gracious Saviour ;
Let thy peace within us rule ;
Spread the banner of thy favour
O'er our gathered Sunday-school !

Right and meet are holy praises,
Everywhere, at every time ;
Where each glorious angel raises
At thy throne his song sublime ;
Where thine earthly congregation
Lifts the Sabbath strain on high ;
Meet and right our adoration
Here beneath the open sky.

From the world's unhallowed revels,
From the Sabbath-breaker's joy,
From the fellowship of devils,
Save each Christian girl and boy :
Teach us that true love and pleasure
To the' ungodly cannot be ;
Teach us that enduring treasure
Hath its only source in Thee



HYMN.

(Written for a Meeting in aid of the Sunday-School Society for
Ireland.)

UPLIFT the glorious banner,
 Jehovah's mighty Name ;
 Tell out salvation's story,
 The word of peace proclaim :
 Not carnal are our weapons ;
 In faith and hope we fight
 For love, and peace, and order,
 And God defend the right !

Defend our happy England
 From papal plot and wile ;
 And shed thy light and favour
 On Erin's troubled isle :
 Support us in the warfare,
 And make the wars to cease,
 O Thou, the God of battles,
 O Thou, the Prince of peace !

We thank Thee for the tidings
Of thousands disenthralled ;
We pray Thee, keep them faithful,
Unmoved, and unappalled ;
Strong in the strength of Jesus,
And patient unto blood,
And evil still o'ercoming
With blessing, and with good.

The little children gather,
Good Shepherd, with thine arm,
And in thy bosom carry,
And shelter them from harm :
Thy lambs we fain would cherish,
Oh prosper the design,
And ours shall be the blessing,
And all the glory thine !

HYMN

For the National Thanksgiving, February 27, 1872.

KING of kings, and Lord of lords,
 From thy footstool to thy throne,
 Lo ! we lift, with joyful chords,
 Glory to thy Name alone.

One in heart, in sorrow one,
 Late we brought the trembling prayer :
 ‘ Bless our Queen, and heal her son ;
 Spare him, Lord, in mercy spare ! ’

One in heart, and one in joy,
 Now our hymn of thanks we raise ;
 Let no jarring note alloy
 From our lips this song of praise.

Father ! we have seen thy hand,
 We have felt thy tender grace ;
 Rich thy favour to our land,
 Gratefully we seek thy face :

While to-day, with sacred mirth,
Makes our Queen her offering meet,
And in sight of all the earth
Lays her sceptre at thy feet.

Save the Queen, and bless her son :
Hear us, Lord, on Thee we call ;
In true concord make us one,
Heal, and bless, and save us all.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
From thy footstool and thy throne,
From us men, and Heaven's glad host,
Glory be to Thee alone !



A SONG OF THE NATIVITY.

✓ UNTO us a Child is born,
 Unto us a Son is given :
 Child—the mark of human scorn ;
 Son—the heir of earth and heaven.
 Son of God ; a human child ;
 GOD WITH US his wondrous name,
 Holy, harmless, undefiled,
 Yet ordained to death and shame !

Oh that by a worthy song
 We might echo back the strain,
 Erst that greeted, loud and long,
 Bethlehem's astonished plain !
 Might the manger-cradled King
 With the shepherd-watch behold,
 And with star-led sages bring
 Frankincense, and myrrh, and gold !

Lo ! the heathen rage in vain,
And in troubled pride they say :
' Let us break their bands in twain,
Let us cast their cords away !'
Hark ! 'tis Ramah's bitter cry,
Yet the Virgin clasps her Son ;
And a thousand babes on high
Have the life of bliss begun.

Yea, of bliss ; but not to Thee
Was such ending, Babe Divine !
Thou another death must see,
Deeper sorrows shall be thine :
Thou, in words and works of peace,
Must await the' appointed hour ;
Wondrous words of truth and grace,
Glorious works of love and power.

Great Redeemer, Thou hast died ;
Thou hast wrought the work sublime
And the words have echoed wide
To the farthest bounds of time—
' It is finished !'—finished long
Is thy great Redemption-plan ;
And we bless Thee in our song,
Lord of angels, Son of Man !

WONDERFUL thy name we call ;
COUNSELLOR, to Thee we bow ;
MIGHTY GOD, the Lord of all,
FATHER EVERLASTING—Thou :
PRINCE OF PEACE,—thy steadfast throne
Strong in judgment stands for aye :
Every land thy right shall own,
All thy sceptre shall obey.

Unto us a Child is born :
Unto us a Son is given :
Not a weeping child forlorn ;
Not a son with sorrow riven :
God Himself shall give the sign ;
Not a babe in manger-bed :
Lo ! a King on throne divine :
Hark ! a blast to wake the dead.

Saw ye not a gleaming light ?
'Twas the Bright and Morning Star :
Heard ye sounds athwart the night ?
'Twas the Judge—his nearing car.
Yea, and far the night is spent ;
Soon shall break the' eternal day :
Light is with the darkness blent,
And the shadows flee away.

Saviour ! by thy Spirit's beam
On our spirits' darkness shine ;
Waken us from worldly dream ;
Make us glad with joy divine :
Glad and strong : through shame and scorn
Singing on our way to heaven :—
Unto us a Child is born ;
Unto us a Son is given !



HYMNS FROM THE FRENCH.

*HYMNS.*

(From the French of Alexandre Vinet.)

I.

‘Sous ton voile d’ignominie.’

BENEATH thy veil of shame and scorn,
 Beneath thy crown of woven thorn,
 Lo ! on my ravished spirit shine,
 Saviour, thy glories all divine !
 The gory mist which shrouds thy face
 Would hide its beauty’s matchless grace,—
 In vain : unquenched the blessed light
 Breaks from the cloud, and fills my sight.

Not when in heaven’s own glory blest,
 And bosomed calm in heaven’s own rest,
 More radiant shone thy deathless brow,
 Or more celestial, Lord, than now :

Never, in beauty's own abode,
Thy beauty so divinely glowed,
As while in thought I see Thee climb,
Great Victim, Calvary's height sublime !

O ye, who fill your endless days
With ceaseless acts of prayer and praise,
Who love the Father in the Son,
Who Son with Father praise as one,
Ye angels, say,—did He appear
More glorious even in glory's sphere
Than while, upon the' accursed tree,
He drained the cup of wrath for me ?

His passion crowned, as on this day,
The greatness He had worn for aye :
The path of shame the Man hath trod
Is glory to the Son of God !
Declared the Father—' Love am I,'
And Jesus Christ hath made reply,
To earth descending from above,
' His Son am I, and I am Love !'

Yea, He is Love ; true God confest :
God by whom we of God are blest :

Our God unveiled, our Shield, our Sun,
God by whom man with God is one.
Where, then, hath glory shone more bright
Than when on Calvary's awful height
Jesus for me the wine-press trod,
Himself my Brother and my God ?

Of all things first and best is love,
The glory of that world above ;
Love shines alone—the crowning gem
In great Immanuel's diadem :
Avaunt, thou vision false and low
Of earthly greatness, pomp, and show !
For here on earth, as there on high,
Is nothing great but Charity.

Immortal Love ! thy right I own :
Well hath my mind thy grandeur known :
And have I yet in thee no part ?
O come, and fill, and change my heart !
Thou, of the soul the light and joy,
Enduring bliss, which cannot cloy,
Dwell in this heart, which claims thy power,
And bloom for God, a changeless flower !

O let my eyes, thou Friend Divine,
By day, by night, still fixed on thine,
Drink sweetly thence Love's gentle stream,
Reflecting Love's reviving beam.
So blend thy life with mine alway ;
Pour into mine thine heart for aye :
Bend to thy sway my captive will,
And with thyself my spirit fill !



II

‘ Dans l’abîme de misère. ’

To the far abyss of woe,
Where in death’s embrace I lay,
Lord, thy mercy, stooping low,
Brought a gleam of blessed day :
At thy voice my vision cleared ;
And before my wondering view
Depths unknown of love appeared :
I was dead : I lived anew.

But my life so weak I mourn ;
And, until this hour, I prove
In my faith all newly born
More of self-reproach than love.
Humbling memories of the past
Fill my mind, and haunt me yet ;
On myself my thoughts I cast,
And my gracious God forget.

Father ! not our fear alone,
More our love dost Thou require ;
Loving subjects round thy throne
Lift by love thy glory higher.
Who Thee loves not, O my God,
In thy heaven shall never shine ;
He 'neath rebel feet hath trod
Heaven's own law of love divine !

Higher than our thoughts can think,
Lord, thy hand hath stretched the skies :
Lo ! again in flames they sink,
And new worlds unnumbered rise.
Yet these all, in bright array,
Loveless, mindless, as they roll,
Shall not, for thy glory, weigh
With one sigh from one true soul !

Spirit of my God ! inspire
With that sigh this breast of mine ;
Light in me thy cleansing fire,
Me from dross of earth refine.
So with love my spirit rife
Still shall cry, and shall not cease :—
Lord, to love Thee—this is life :
Give me life, O God of peace !

III.

‘ Pourquoi reprendre

WHY take away,
 O Father, say,
 The gift thy tender love had given ?
 Why give at all,
 If Thou recall
 At once the treasured boon to Heaven ?
 Speak, gracious Lord ! thy ways my heart appal,
 My heart so weak, with sorrow riven !

Thou speakest, Lord ;
 And as a sword
 The piercings of thy voice I hear ;
 And in clear tones
 My conscience owns
 The justice of thy stroke severe :
 Myself Thou seekest : in thy darkest frowns
 The pleadings of thy love appear.

¹ Written in 1838, after the death of his daughter.

The same art Thou
Whether Thou sow,
Or watchful come thy fruits to reap :
To bless my store
Or make me poor,
In equal love Thou workest deep :
Startling my soul with righteous chastening sore
When careless on thy care I sleep.

Our living Head
Himself 'was dead ;'
We follow Him, and we must die :
Death? nay, 'tis birth,
Even here on earth
To lay the rags of nature by,
And one with Christ, and dead to sin, go forth
New-clad in light and liberty.

To babblings vain
Of lips profane,
To vaunted light which is not thine,
To any life
With thine at strife
Now let me die, O King Divine !
Faithful thy wounds, though keen the pruning-knife,
By them new life and health are mine.

To cleanse my soul,
To make it whole,
My Father, smite, and do not spare :
Doth gold require
Refining fire,
And shall not faith the furnace share ?
Thy strokes, which dash to shreds my heart's desire,
Divine Soul-sculptor, I will bear !

Then take thy way !
It might not stay,
That boon thy tender love had given :
All-wise in all !
Though Thou recall
Thy gift, 'tis love my heart hath riven.
No longer thy dark ways my heart appal,
I read them in the light of Heaven.



IV.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

‘Toi qui dans l’exil de la vie.’

THOU who, from glory self-exiled,
Didst come to earth our hope to be,
And, holy, harmless, undefiled,
Our souls by death from death to free ;
Thou who beneath thy wing dost hide
Thine own, and on thy bosom bind,
O Conqueror of human pride,
Go forth and conquer all mankind.

How shall not we the lost ones mourn,
How not their wandering steps bemoan,
Who from those paths of death forlorn
Have but so lately snatched our own ?
And we, whom tenderest love has freed,
And brought securely to the fold,
Have we no pitying tears to shed
That love neglected to behold ?

Whoe'er the dreadful vengeance knew
Thy wrath to such despite decrees,
Before Thee, holy Lord and true,
Would pass his life on bended knees :
And who but knew thy tenderness
For those thine anger might consume,
Long at their knees his suit would press
To love Thee and escape their doom !

If of our tears no heed they take,
Thou, gracious Lord, wilt on them look,
Wilt heed them for thy mercy's sake,
And note our labours in thy book :
We weep, for must Thou not reveal
Thy wrath to those who spurn thy grace ?
We toil, to melt those hearts of steel
Which dare provoke Thee to thy face.

Answer thy Church, which waiting cries :
No longer, Lord, thine aid delay :
Bid the long-promised dawn arise,
The glories of that crowning day :
The harvest whitens : give the word,
And great the herald-host shall be,
And wide the joyful sound be heard,
In every land, o'er every sea.

This earth, besprinkled with thy blood,
Great Victim, is it not thine own?
Appear, rejected Lamb of God,
Appear, and take thy rightful throne :
King, Brother, Tower, our all art Thou,
In life and death ; our Master here,
Our Judge, when Thou thy heavens shalt bow
In that great day of wrath and fear.

Our hearts, O Lord, which seek thy face,
With faith refine, with zeal inflame :
We would for Thee ourselves abase,
And only glory in thy name :
And while we preach thy love, and thus
Would heathen to thy Gospel draw,
Thyself, O Father, unto us
Who know thy goodness, preach thy law !

Oh, if the world so slowly fall
Before Thee, ours is all the blame ;
How should our tinkling cymbal call
Guests to the marriage of the Lamb?
Ah ! change to acts our words so vain,
No more our prayers be breath alone :
Lord ! make us Christians ; then shall wane
And cease the gods of wood and stone.

V.

‘ O Désiré de la terre.’

THOU, of earth desired, adored,
 Joy and glory of the skies,
 Thou, my Brother, Saviour, Lord,
 Lo ! I bend before thine eyes :
 O that mild yet awful mien !
 Grace commanding, yet serene !
 Of thy gifts the triple dower,
 Light, hope, peace, upon me shower.

Long have I my feeble sight
 Strained, and nothing met my view ;
 Long my mind hath yearned for light,
 Fathomed all, yet nothing knew :
 O the blessings thus foregone !
 Fleeting lights in vain that shone !
 Useless griefs which failed to bless !
 Draughts of deadly happiness !

Say, my soul, but now forlorn,
 Whence is come this calm to thee ?
Say, my mind, with searching worn,
 How so clearly dost thou see ?
All my doubts, behold, they cease !
Sinks the storm to deepest peace !
O strange mystery of love !
Grace my highest thoughts above !

Greater than all names that are,
 JESUS is our Saviour's name :
Gulfs to fill, which severed far
 God from sinners, Jesus came !
To my tongue that name how dear,
Melting hardness, calming fear ;
Name to make the rebel mourn,
And remorse to sorrow turn !

Heart divine ! my comfort be ;
 Be my refuge in the strife ;
From the tempest shelter me ;
 Be at death my better life !
See my wound, how deep and sore ;
Heal me,—heal ten thousand more ;
Yea, o'er all this world of woe
Bid thy boundless mercy flow !

VI.

‘Roi des anges.’

KING divine !
 Song of mine
 Can it reach thy Heaven and Thee ?
 And wilt Thou
 Stoop so low
 That thy love shall visit me ?
 Deeps profound !
 Who shall sound,
 Without faith, their mystery ?

Could my prayer,
 Father ! dare,
 All so weak, to rise to Thee,
 But that Thou
 Deign'st to bow
 In thy tender love to me ?
 Love untold !
 Humbly bold,
 Faith adores the mystery.

From the' abyss
Up to bliss,
High to God's eternal throne,
Mounts my prayer,—
Waiting there,
Waiting on his grace alone.
Saviour dear !
Bend thine ear ;
Of my faith the tribute own.

Lord of all !
Hear my call,
For Thyself, Thyself, I cry :
Art Thou near ?
Nought I fear ;
Art Thou absent ? then I die.
Helper mine,
King divine,
In me reign eternally !



VII.

‘ O Seigneur, ô Sauveur ! que nos lèvres te louent ! ’

O SAVIOUR ! while thy name our accents bless,
 Grant with our praises that our works agree ;
 Lest while our lips, not hearts, thy truth confess,
 Our sweetest songs be vain and dead for Thee !

Born to this end, to serve was thy delight ;
 To serve is still the seal which marks thine own ;
 Who little works, loves little : in thy sight
 He hath not faith, whose faith abides alone.

What ! Lord, shall I thy promised grace receive,
 Then graceless from thine easy yoke withdraw ?
 In hope to taste thy bounteous gifts believe,
 And then, rebellious, set at nought thy law ?

Expired it with my Lord on Calvary's brow—
 Love pure and deep, the solace of despair ?
 Ah ! no ; love there had birth, and now for woe,
 As for hid treasure, searches everywhere.

What griefs, wants, dangers, for my succour call !

What brothers, friends, God to my love makes known !

What works to found, or strengthen lest they fall !

Up !—labour !—ease is for the' ingrate alone !



HYMN.

(From the French of Jean Frédéric Oberlin.)

‘ De quoi t’alarmes-tu, mon cœur ? ’

WHY art thou cast down, O my soul ?

Uplift thee, and be strong :

Thy care upon thy Maker roll ;

Thy sadness doth Him wrong.

Beneath his eye

Thy goings lie :

The God who rules above

His child doth know and love.

Come, gaze on yonder vaulted sky :

Say, can thy glance embrace

The worlds wherewith the Lord most high

Hath sown the fields of space ?

Though skill of thine

And strength combine,

Yet never shall thy hand

Create one grain of sand.

Thy Helper is the Lord of all,
He marks thy lightest sigh :
A thousand means, at his high call,
For thy defence are nigh :
Safe in his care
No storm shall bear
One hair from off thy head,
Though nature quails in dread.

Thou formedst man of earthly mould,
Almighty ! by thy power ;
Not Solomon, in gems and gold,
Could match thy simplest flower :
Thy single word
Sufficed, O Lord,
To fill heaven's boundless sphere ;
And lo ! I faint and fear.

The worlds which run their course on high,
This blossom sweet and fair,
The stars in voiceless harmony,
Yon leaflet falling there,—
Shall these obey
One law, one sway,
And I aside be thrown,
The sport of chance alone ?

Then with thy cares, my soul, have done ;

Thy grief beclouds thy view :

How shall not He who gave his Son

Give food and raiment too ?

The life is more

Than roof and store :

No fear lest thou his child

Be from his care exiled !

Long as I live, my hand in thine,

I to thy side will cling,

For life is gain, O Guide divine,

While safe beneath thy wing.

Lo ! all is well :

Each ill shall tell

For blessing, moulded still

By thy controlling will.

If Thou give ear when I aspire,

I'll praise thy tenderness ;

And if Thou cross my heart's desire,

I will thy wisdom bless :

All-gracious One,

Thy will be done !

Thy love I know, I see ;

And I can trust in Thee !

And when thy solemn call I hear,
And yield my latest sigh,
Then, O my Father, draw Thou near,
And give me grace to die !
So while at rest
Upon thy breast
My spirit Thou shalt keep,
My dust in hope shall sleep.



HYMN.

(From the French of Adolphe Monod.)

‘Que ne puis-je, ô mon Dieu.’

GOD of my health ! I would thy praise proclaim,
And tell to earth and heaven thy wondrous Name,
Declare the transports of my thankful breast,
And say to all the world that I am blest !

Blest—when I hear Thee speak, and when that word
Which said, ‘Let there be light,’ within me heard,
Stoops to instruct me, calms my spirit’s strife,
And guides my footsteps in the path of life.

Blest—when I speak to Thee, and though but dust,
Lift to thy throne my worship and my trust,
With freedom to my Father, as a child ;
With trembling to my God, as sin-defiled.

Blest—when thy day, which saw from Chaos' womb
Thy work come forth, thy First-born from the tomb,
Gathers within thy courts the' adoring throng,
Our zeal's weak flame rekindling, bright and strong !

Blest—when, beneath thy strokes, my faithful God,
Smitten in love, in love I kiss the rod :
Weeping, but waiting thy returning smile,
And near the Cross, and for a little while.

Blest—when, assaulted by the tempter's power,
The Cross my armour, and the Lamb my tower,
Kneeling I triumph—issuing from the fray
A bleeding conqueror—my life a prey !

Blest—ever blest ! my Brother, He who died ;
His Father mine ; his Spirit still my Guide :
What can earth give ? what can hell take away,
When God and heaven are mine, are mine for aye ?



HYMN.

(From the French of Dr. Merle d'Aubigné.)

‘ Je veux célébrer ta victoire.’

JESUS ! I thy triumph sing,
 Who my soul hast saved and owned ;
 Man of sorrows ! mighty King !
 Scorned of men, in glory throned,
 Thou thy people hast redeemed ;
 Thou the Judge of all shalt be :
 From the Prince immortal streamed,
 Earth ! the blood which flowed o'er thee.

Sing, O Zion, Church beloved,
 Whom the Lord to Jesus gave ;
 On the' eternal Rock unmoved,
 Thou the gates of hell shalt brave !
 Where are they thy hope shall dim ?
 God Himself thy buckler stands ;
 Jesus lives, and thou with Him ;
 None shall pluck thee from his hands.

Yes, Thou livest, Saviour dear !

What were else my life to me ?

Traces of thy steps were clear

There where Mary wept for Thee !

Sad at heart, oppressed with fears,

Wondering sat thy chosen few,

Till thy blessing chased their tears,

As thy sun the morning dew !

Yes ! they saw Thee, saw their God,

Who didst them for brethren claim ;

‘ Christ is risen ! ’ they sound abroad,

Heralds of thy saving Name.

To the scourge their backs they yield,

Yield their bosoms to the sword,

And with blood their word is sealed,

That Thou art their living Lord !

So, my Life, Thou art alive !

Frowns no longer death for me,

Scoffs the scoffer, and would drive

My rejoicing soul from Thee :

But thy promise cannot fail,

Faithful Lord, enthroned on high ;

And e’en now the dawn I hail

Of thine own eternity.

HYMN.

(From the French of M. Edmond Scherer.)

‘Je suis à toi.’

LORD, I am thine, all glory to thy Name ;
 I to thy law my life, myself resign :
 Of right Thou dost my love, my worship claim,
 And I am thine !

In paths of doubt I wandered lost of yore,
 When lo ! upon my path Thou deign'dst to shine :
 Once was my heart a void, and death in store,
 Now I am thine !

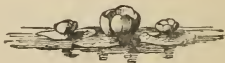
The world erewhile enchained my captive soul,
 But now I dwell beneath thy rule divine :
 Sweet is thy yoke ; on Thee my cares I roll,
 For I am thine !

Me to receive with welcome to thy heart
Thine arms outstretched and looks of love combine :
O Lord, I come ; I choose that better part,
Thine, wholly thine !

Possessing Thee, I am of all possest,
And 'tis by faith this happy lot is mine :
Upon thy bosom, Lord, in peace I rest,
Thine, only thine !

None from thy book of life shall blot my name,
No tempter from thy paths my steps incline ;
'Tis death, 'tis life, thy piercing glance of flame,
But I am thine !

While on this earth I sojourn by thy will,
My Saviour and my God, that will be mine,
Till safe in heaven I bless thy mercy still,
For ever thine !



HYMN.

(From the French of Adrien Boissier.)

‘Seigneur ! du sein de la poussière.’

My God ! though cleaving to the dust,
 My soul cries out for Thee ;
 Oh come, confirm my humble trust,
 And dwell Thyself in me.

No shadow now can give me peace,
 No image, fading still :
 Me with the substance of thy grace,
 Thyself, thy Spirit, fill !

Oh ! long, too long, thy face I seek,
 In breathings weak and cold ;
 Now speaking, I would hear Thee speak,
 Would touch Thee, and behold !

Now would I burn, but with thy fire,
Now with thy light would shine,
Would with Thyself my soul inspire,
And love with love divine.

Henceforth to me this blessing give,
This only needful thing—
In Thee, by Thee, for Thee to live,
Who art my God and King.

Yet how, if sins my heart defile,
Can I be one with Thee?
Lord, Thou art pure, and I am vile,
And righteous Thou must be.

Jesus, behold ! I plead thy blood,
Thou hast the ransom given ;
Oh fill my heart, blest Lamb of God,
With love, and peace, and heaven !



SONNETS.



I.

‘He that believeth shall not make haste.’—Is. xxviii. 16.

✓ WHEN great desires are pending, when his mind
 Hangs trembling, now in hope, and now in dread,
 How weak the worldling, to the future blind,
 And in the present restless ! Passion-led,
 He hastes to grasp a phantom, and 'tis fled !
 O blessed faith in God, which stays the soul,
 And plants as on a rock the unshaken tread,
 Though floods of joy or sorrow round us roll.
 O blessed trust ! though some dear hope be high,
 He that believeth hath a hope yet dearer :
 And what if disappointment's blast be nigh ?
 The' Almighty arm whereon we rest is nearer.
 Believer ! wait in hope, and thou shalt see
 How all alike is working good for thee.

II.

TO AN AFFLICTED FRIEND.

“We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.”
ACTS xiv. 22.

✓ WE know it, yet we marvel : if the cloud
Hung never o’er our road, then should we start,
And dread the very sunshine, and our heart
Would shrink from its own joy, and ask aloud—
Is this the path whereby the martyred crowd
Passed on to glory? walked our Saviour here?
Where is the tribulation? where appear
His footprints, ’neath the bitter cross who bowed?
Thus joy would be our grief; and shall not grief,
O mourner, be our joy, if thus we prove
That ‘this our light affliction’—light and brief—
Is but the token of a Father’s love?
MUCH TRIBULATION : doth thy Father’s voice
Thus mark thy road? O trembling heart, rejoice !

III.

TRUST.

I HAVE no rule, O Saviour, but thy will ;
 I have no chart but thine unerring Word ;
 I have no guide but thy clear whisper, heard
 Above, behind, around, within me still !
 I cannot trust my reason ; questions fill
 My mind, if e'er I seek to walk alone :
 I cannot trust my heart ; 'tis only known
 To Thee, who searchest all its depths of ill :
 I cannot trust my fellows ; weak like me,
 They have no strength or skill which is not thine :
 Lo ! in thy light, O Lord, true light I see :
 Behold ! I lean on thy dear arm divine !
 All my fresh springs, Redeemer, are in Thee,
 And so life, love, joy, peace, and Heaven are mine !

IV.

DISCIPLINE.

IF this short life were all, sad would it be
From our most loved ones still to dwell apart,
Month after month to have the aching heart
Yearning in vain for closer sympathy.
Were there no Heaven, how terrible to see
The friends we cherish failing one by one,
And, weeping o'er our dearest treasures gone,
To await in fear the death we cannot flee.
But 'tis not so, sweet friend, it is not so :
The heart aches only that it may be pure :
There is a Heaven, and if we mourn below,
'Tis that our heavenly portion may be sure :
If friends depart, they leave us but to show
Our feet the way to pleasures that endure.

V.

BIRTHDAY SONNET.

(To the Rev. W. C.)

ALL blessings on thy life's new-opening year,
Herald of God's own truth ! 'mid babblings vain
Of misnamed science, and the scoffs profane
Of folly, hold thy course, nor faint, nor fear !
Thine is the gift to know how deep and clear
The living waters run, and thou hast heard
The still small voice that from the living Word
Breathes ever, for the blessed ears which hear.
Courage and patience ! yet a little while,
And men, who know not that they do not know,
Shall learn, how glorious and how rare a thing
Was faith, content with God's approving smile ;
Faith—waiting His appearing, who shall show
His truth true wisdom, and Himself true King.

Cambridge, March 2, 1849.

VI.

TO M. E.

(Written on the Mont Salève, near Geneva.)

BEFORE the everlasting mountains stood,
As thou, dear child, to-day hast seen them stand,
Where sovran Blanc uplifts to many a land
His kingly brow, our God was—great and good :
And He shall be, when mountain, vale, and flood
Have perished at his word of high command ;
When, at the signal of his awful Hand,
The sun shall darkness be, the moon as blood.
But art thou his indeed ? hear then his voice,
Wafted ev'n now from yon perpetual hills ;
Guard it in memory's chambers, and rejoice,
When pressed hereafter by life's transient ills :
' The mountains shall depart, the hills remove,
But thee no change shall sever from my love !'

February, 1863.

VII.

‘ A wreath, that cannot fade, of flowers, that blow
With most success when all besides decay.’

WINTER EVENING.

I HAD bright flowers : through all the tardy Spring
I watched and watered them ; at length they grew
By Summer fervours gaily, and they threw
Rich odours round them, and 'twas joy to bring
Their gathered groups a daily offering
To friends beloved, or bid them bear the dew
To fevered lips, and o'er the pallid hue
Of sickness morning's roseate glory fling.
For such sweet charities they were glad to die :
But Autumn came, and now lo ! Winter lowers,
And frosts and storms ; but courage, gentle flowers
I have a friend that loves ye, and her eye
And hand are skilled your beauties to portray :
Come, tempests,—here are flowers ye cannot slay !

VIII.

(Written at the close of the Seven-Days' War, 1866.)

'Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.'

THE grand old adage—is it out of date?
Or does it but to private men belong?
Are statesmen privileged, or kings, in wrong?
Does lawless violence not degrade a state?
Answer, ye kings, with pride and joy elate!
Ye statesmen, by successful rapine strong!
Ye peoples, answer, who God's temples throng,
And for crime prospered, and triumphant hate,
BlaspHEME Him with Te Deums! O be sure,
Not sin but righteousness exalts a land:
Say ye, the purpose of high God shall stand?
Yet were they 'wicked hands' which slew his Son:
Nor shall the' All-Ruler count the nations pure
Whose evil ways his destined work have done!

IX.

(1)

SYMPATHY.

My heart will ask : Lo ! while these thousands die
 In awful strife, and tens of thousands more,
 On battle-field outstretched, in anguish sore
 Lie moaning ; while the orphan's wailing cry,
 And widow's, far and wide are heard,—oh ! why
 In life's untroubled paths to me is given
 Beneath the quiet light of yon blue heaven
 My peaceful round of daily work to ply ?
 But answer comes to me : Each hath his part
 In this tremendous woe ; the burdened heart
 Bears of the mighty load no trivial part ;
 Keen sorrow prompts the agonizing prayer :
 ' How long, great God, dost Thou not sheathe thy sword ?
 O now again give peace on earth, O Lord ! '

Geneva, September 7, 1870.

X.

(2)

REALISING.

I SAID—‘*these* thousands,’ for though far away
The tide of battle rolls, yet Fancy’s ear
Is filled, as if the bloody strife were here !
Upon the inward eye the deadly fray
Flashes ; while all around me, all the day,
Swift fingers fashion help the wounds to heal
Each hour created, by the reeking steel,
Or strange hail-belching cannon swift to slay !
O mystery of ill ! the battle o’er
The slayer mourns the slain, and foe from foe,
Wondering, receives a brother’s tender care,
Joining with failing breath his whispered prayer !
O madness of the nations ! senseless woe !
O vial of God’s destined judgment sore !

September . 1870.

OCCASIONAL VERSES.

*BIRD OF JOY.*

(Commemorative of an interesting coincidence in a cemetery.)

BIRD OF JOY ! why art thou lingering here,

In the place of weeping ?

Bird of morn ! why rings thy carol clear

Where the dead are sleeping ?

Bird of summer ! cannot winter's cold

Chill thy bosom's gladness ?

Cannot mourners' tears, that wet the mould,

Touch thy heart with sadness ?

Thus I wondered in myself to see

Mirth and sorrow meeting,

As a lark uprose, and carolled free,

Bleak November greeting,

Where a widowed husband, silent tears
In fresh anguish pouring,
Wept the while his loss of other years,
A sweet child deploring.

Hither when we brought the sleeping dust
Of that gentle maiden,
Ev'n while earth received her solemn trust,
And from hearts o'erladen
Broke the stifled sob,—lo ! near the side
Of the grave, upspringing,
Rose a lark, and soared, and far and wide
Filled the air with singing.

Bird of joy ! and thou art true to-day
To the blessed token ;
Mother with the child to rest we lay
Sad, but not heart-broken ;
Out of drear November we have heard
Promise more than vernal ;
Visions thou hast brought us, happy bird,
Of the day eternal !

TO M. A. McN. M.

(Nine years old.)

DEAR child of many a prayer !
 Frail nursling of fond love !
 How oft 'mid fear and care
 Thy name hath risen above !
 Still was the prayer preferred—
 Health for thy wasting frame :
 And still the prayer was heard,
 And the healing angel came.

And here thou art to-day,
 In strength and health and glee ;
 And gladsome hearts have they
 Who have oft been sad for thee.
 They bless thy fair young brow,
 And with thankful spirits raise
 Not sighs of anguish now,
 But the incense of sweet praise.

We hail thy natal morn !
With mingled hopes and fears,
We watch thee swiftly borne
Adown the tide of years :
Bright be thy life and long,
Thy spirit undefiled :
From care, and strife, and wrong,
God keep thee, gentle child !

Brighton, 1843.



TO THE SAME.

(Eighteen years old, residing for health at Ventnor, I. of W.)

ART thou lonely, gentle maiden?
 When thou climb'st the breezy height
 Is it but to woo the breezes?
 Is it not to strain the sight
 O'er the sea that from thee severs
 All thy spirit holds most dear?
 O that Brighton cliffs were nearer!
 O that Brighton hearts were here!

Listen, maiden! Once a stranger
 In that same fair isle I dwelt,
 And full-hearted oft, and weary,
 As thou feelest, so I felt:
 Yea, not seldom, sad and restless
 I have sought the rising hill,
 And (vain labour!) thought to conjure
 Brighton cliffs from Selsea Bill!

Nightingales were rife about me —
Brighton streets are void of song :
Myrtle bowers were breathing fragrance,
Brighton winds are keen and strong :
And I loved the warblers' music,
And as friends I loved the flowers ;
Wherefore yearned my heart to Brighton?
Why so slowly dragged the hours?

Enviously I watched the fisher
As he launched his clumsy boat,
For it bore its prow to Brighton !
Gladly all the night afloat
Tossed upon the tumbling billows
I had braved the ocean's roar,
Watching still the dawn of morning
As it broke on Brighton's shore !

Maiden ! is thy heart as my heart ?
Doth it long for cherished friends ?
Listen : years have since departed,
And unchanged my bosom sends
Thoughts of tender love to Brighton
Over river, hill, and town ;
But beyond it wander often
Loving thoughts to Bembridge Down !

Yea, to Bembridge, peaceful village,
Stretching fair beneath the hill
Where I fondly strove to fashion
Brighton cliffs from Selsea Bill !
There the stranger, strange no longer,
Knows of hearts so dear and true,
That their throb of sweet affection
Time nor change shall e'er subdue.

Pleasant years have come and vanished,
I have wandered far and near,—
Roamed the plains of France, and clambered
With the Alpine mountaineer :
I have tracked each glorious river,
Rhone and Danube, Elbe and Rhine,
Heard the minstrel songs of Tyrol,
Seen the firefly dance and shine :

I have trod the fields of Erin,
Hapless Erin ! green and wild :
(Ah ! thou know'st how dear a treasure
I from Erin's shores beguiled !)
Dover's heights have been my dwelling,
I have haunted Granta's bowers,
Now I ply the Pastor's labours
'Neath the shade of Minster towers.

Maiden ! I have learnt the lesson
That this world is not our rest,
But the heart that loveth rightly
Yearneth to a Father's breast.
Earth,—it is a lonely island,
Where his sick ones gather strength :
Nurtured here to health and vigour,
He will take us home at length.

And the heart that loveth rightly
Climbs the mount of faith and prayer ;
And the eye that seeth truly
Sees not Heaven in earthly air :
We may love our island myrtles,
We may prize the warbled strain,
We may soothe our earthly sorrows,
Roving free o'er hill and plain :

But across Time's restless ocean,
Far beyond our farthest ken,
Where the mighty Saviour dwelleth,
Fairer than the sons of men :—
O the heart that loveth rightly
Hopes for scenes than earth more fair,
And the eye that seeth truly
Seeks its home and treasure there !

‘PATIENCE OF HOPE.’

‘Because I live, ye shall live also.’—ST. JOHN xiv. 19.

YEA, blessed Lord ! Thou art alive ;
 And life, and peace, and joy, and light,
 And liberty, and love, and might,
 And hope, and aid with ill to strive,—

、 All from thy death and glory flow :
 . The wisdom of the little child,
 That, traversing the darkest wild,
 Is tranquil, fearing not to go

Wherever leads a Father’s hand :
 The grief that weeps for evil done,
 But chargeth it on man alone,
 Nor cares its deeps to understand :

The eye of faith, that looks for bliss,
Watching the still increasing light,
Nor dares to strain its feeble sight
In searching error's dark abyss :

The heart of love, whereby we know
Things to the proud heart unrevealed ;—
To pride thy book of love is sealed ;
To humble souls its pages glow

With gleams of Heaven ! O Saviour dear,
For ever in our dark hearts shine ;
Give wisdom ; hatred like to thine
Of sin ; give love, and childlike fear.

The many murmur, and depart ;
They cannot hear thy sayings true :
Thou Keeper of the chosen few,
Thou Dweller in the broken heart,

O never let us murmur so :
O bid us ever near Thee stay ;
For whither, if we go away,
Lord Jesus ! whither shall we go ?

*THE SILENT HOUR.*¹

‘None saith, “Where is God, my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?”’—JOB xxxv. 10.

Who has not felt the awful power
Of darkness and the silent hour ?
Unseen the objects ranged around,
Unheard the very breathing’s sound,
The body’s sense of being gone,
The spirit lives alone—alone !

Yet not alone ! for on my bed,
More deeply for that silence dread,
I feel thy presence, Lord, and prove
That ’tis in Thee I live and move :
And in the darkness I can sing :
’Tis but the shadow from thy wing.

¹ Written in sickness.

O ye, who say there is no God,
 Have ye no darkness in your road ?
 Are there no watches in your night
 Wherein ye quail, and yearn for light ?
 Ah ! tell us truly, can ye dare
 The silence, or the darkness bear ?

Confess ! with you 'tis oft, I ween,
 As erst with some, in woodland scene,
 When lo ! because we missed our way,
 As sank the beams of parting day,
 ' Where no fear was ' they were afraid,—
 Yea, trembled, and were sore dismayed !

And though ye say, We shall not see ²
 That fabled Judge, yet strong is he
 To abase ' the pride of evil men ; ' ³
 Too late to give Him glory then !
 Therefore, ere come those moments dim,
 ('Tis his own bidding) trust in Him !

¹ The allusion is to a short mountain excursion, made some twelve years before in company with certain distinguished and enthusiastic followers of Auguste Comte, on a sweet summer evening, in the neighbourhood of the Lake of Geneva. The effect on them of sudden night-fall, where there was no shadow of danger, is not exaggerated.

² Job xxxv. 14.

³ Job xxxv. 12.

O God our Maker, in the night
Thou givest songs, Thou sendest light :
By sorrow's smart our joys increase ;
The blood of sprinkling speaketh peace ;
Awake the harp ! awake the voice !
We trust Thee, Saviour, and rejoice !

February 12, 1871.



LITTLE ALICE.

BLESSINGS on my little Alice !
Be her heart a brimming chalice,
Full of love, and free of malice.

Through life's journey, glad or weeping ;
Toiling, resting ; waking, sleeping ;
God still have her in his keeping !

Jesu ! bless my little daughter ;
Wash her in the blood which bought her ;
Give her drink of living water.

With the bread eternal feed her ;
In the way of duty speed her ;
For thy Name's sake guide her, lead her.

Her may sin or Satan never
From thy side, O Saviour, sever,
Till she dwell with Thee for ever !

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

(A Sequel.)

‘BLESSINGS on my little Alice !’

Twelve long years ago
 Prayed I so her heart’s full chalice
 Might with love o’erflow :
 Pray I still love’s flame may flourish,
 Fed with oil divine ;
 That her life true Bread may nourish,
 And celestial Wine.

Is the maiden’s pathway rougher
 Than the child’s was then ?
 Calls thee Jesu’s voice to suffer ?
 ’Tis beneath his ken !
 To thy view have glimpses deeper
 Of life’s evils come ?
 But thy Saviour is thy keeper :
 He will bring thee home !

Strength for daily need He giveth,
Peace in daily strife ;
Still to intercede He liveth—
Of thy life the Life !
Forward !—turn, with joy unfearing,
Life's new page to-day :
Be thy hope his glad appearing ;
He will bless thy way !

Geneva, November 19, 1872.



CHRIST TEACHING THE MULTITUDE.

(A Fragment.)

No ripple broke the lake's calm face, nor dashed
 With low continuous murmur on the shore :
 No softest breath in all the air around
 Disturbed the utter silence : far away
 The sea-bird flapped her wing, nor from on high
 Was heard the eagle's scream : meek nature stood
 In mute and solemn awe ; nor dared in one
 Of all her many voices to be heard,
 While her great Author, clothed in human form,
 And in frail bark upon the lake upborne,
 In words of wonder taught the attentive throng
 Gathered from many a city.

They had seen
 The glory of his power : his bounteous hand
 Upon their sick and dying all the day
 Had poured the gifts of healing. At his touch,
 They who at morn had risen and found no day

Received their sight, and now in thankful joy
Used first the gracious boon to gaze on him !
They on whose startled ear, this self-same hour,
First of all sounds, the words almighty rang—
' Be opened ! '—still upon his accents dwell,
And their first lessons,—privilege how high—
Drink from the lips of wisdom.

Not as they
Who from their stores of treasured knowledge bring
Things new and old, oft mingling truth's pure gold
With dark alloy of error,—not as these
Spake the great Teacher : clear, and calm, and deep,
And passionless, and mighty in the power
Of high authority, flowed on the tide
Of his pure teaching, bearing down the bars
By self-delusion and the hardening power
Of sin upreared : trembling, the strong man armed
Felt the foundations of his palace shake,
And quailed before the Stronger.

Redder light
Was streaming now from the departing sun,
That lingered ere he sank among the hills,
And rested for a while with fonder glow
On the still lake, and on the listening crowd,
And on his lowly form, from whose high word
He drew his primal being

PERVERSE DISPUTINGS.

‘ Holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience.’—
 I TIM. iii. 9.

THEY talk of mystery and sin,
 But they forget the day
 When childhood’s sight was clear and keen,
 And conscience free to play :

And they forget the terrors true
 That once would warn them back ;
 And how their feelings harder grew
 On error’s downward track :

They harder grew ; till—dreaming still
 They see—lo ! seared and blind,
 They proudly prate of good and ill—
 Perverse in heart and mind !

RAGGED SCHOOLS.

(An Impromptu.)

HAPPY, though of noble line,
Ye who find your sweetest joys,
Not in song, and dance, and wine,
Not where jewelled beauties shine,
But with ragged girls and boys
In the crowded alley school !
What if yet they mock at rule,
And with wanton laugh and noise,
And with careless words and rude,
Patient care and love repay ?
Soon shall wondering gratitude
Teach the wildest to obey.
Nobles love us, they shall say :
Lo ! the rich, and wise, and great
Have foregone their ease and state
For the joy—to do us good !

Onward, Christians ! chiefly thou
Of the coroneted brow !¹
Walk according to this rule ;
And on you be peace from Him
At whose glance the stars are dim,
Yet who came—from glory came—
And, for all the toil and shame,
Taught a world-wide Ragged-school !

1855.

¹ These lines were read at a meeting (in aid of the Brook Ragged School, Chatham) presided over by the Earl of Shaftesbury.



ADVICE TO BOYS.

✓ WHATEVER you are, be brave, boys !
The liar's a coward and slave, boys :
 Though clever at ruses,
 And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys !
'Tis better than money and rank, boys :
 Still cleave to the right,
 Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys !
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys :
 The man gentle in mien,
 Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But whatever you are, be true, boys :
Be visible through and through, boys :
 Leave to others the shamming,
 'The 'greening' and 'cramming' ;
In fun, and in earnest, be true, boys !



TO THE FLOWERS.

' One Spirit—His,
 Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brows,
 Rules universal nature. Not a flower
 But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
 Of his unrivalled pencil. *He inspires*
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues.'

WINTER WALK AT NOON.

O FLOWERS, but ye are wonderful !

I speak not of your dyes :

Not for your beauty now I cull

Your bright varieties :

'Tis at your scents I marvel more,

So manifold and true ;

More separate their fragrant store

Than hue distinct from hue.

Though in each kind the colour change,

One odour still is there ;

The tints through all the scale may range,

Each tint than each more fair :

But violet blue and violet white,
And lilac dark or pale,
The same sweet breath for our delight
With constant truth exhale.

The stock and wall-flower side by side
On garden-bed shall grow ;
From the same soil their sap supplied,
In the same air they blow ;
But whence that perfume all its own
Does each loved flower obtain ?
Scents, to my earliest childhood known,
Ye bring those hours again !

Sweet-pea, sweet-briar, and mignonette,
Words cannot tell your power
My thoughts in some dim scene to set,
In some far-distant hour,
Beyond the baffled memory's reach,
In life's just dawning day,
When not as yet I lisped in speech,
And heaven about me lay.¹

¹ 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.'—WORDSWORTH.

Yet not your hue and form, methinks,
Thus in my heart remain ;
Your matchless odours are the links
Which weave the pleasing chain :
These take me back I know not where,
Revive the infant dream,
And wake the thought of climes more fair,
And light of purer beam.

And then I marvel not that He
Who made us, flowers and men,
Proclaimed that who his heaven would see
Must be as babes again ;
Must from the heights of pride return,
From self's and passion's sway,
And at his feet in meekness learn
To love Him and obey.

Awake, O North Wind ; come, thou South ;
And on my garden blow ;
Come, rain and dew, and break the drouth,
And bid the spices flow ;
And bring, O Sharon's Rose divine,
Thy peerless fragrance pure ;
Though sweets of all the earth were mine,
Thy royal right is sure !

‘ Relics of Eden ! ’ types ye are
Of better things to come ;
Pledges of joys his hands prepare
For our eternal home :
Alas ! the reek of flame and death
Our earthly breezes fills ;
O for the air the blessed breathe
On yon celestial hills !

But we shall breathe it soon ; and while
We wait that crowning day,
Your fragrance shall our toil beguile,
Your beauty cheer our way ;
’Twas sweetly sung ¹—‘ We might have had
For every *want* of ours
Enough, enough,’—to make us glad
Our Father gave us flowers !

June, 1871.

¹ Mary Howitt.

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
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